Demolition Lovers

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by raiast

Summary

“Will you truly kill me, Will?” Hannibal asked him, his voice low and breath hot against the shell of Will’s ear. “Do you dare?”

“You’ll win either way,” Will hissed through clenched teeth. “Either I’m dead or you are. That’s what you wanted, isn’t it? To make me a killer?”

“You’re already a killer, Will.”

Or:

With his brain no longer on fire, it's easy for Will to connect the dots. He plans to confront Hannibal, but his plan ends there. Will he capture the man? Kill him? Or...something else entirely?

Notes

I have to admit that the whole 'Will gets called away for a case and happens to cure his encephalitis in the process' was a concept that is shamelessly being borrowed from another fic I read. Unfortunately, I have no idea what fic or what author I had stumbled upon this from. If you recognize this trope, please let me know and I will be more than happy to give the author credit for the concept. (I believe the story I read it in Will was sent out to California/West Coast).

Update! It was pointed out to me that the "second opinion" idea was borrowed from Symphony #40 in G Minor, K 550 - 1. Molto Allegro by DarkmoonSigel. A really wonderful one-shot. Now unfortunately I lost track of who found the fic for me, but thank you all the same!

This is set after Will checks himself out of the hospital, but is pulled into an important case before he can retrieve Abigail to go to Minnesota.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will liked Hannibal Lecter. A lot. Despite his dislike of nearly every psychiatrist he had previously met, he found that he placed his trust in the man with alarming speed, clinging to him like the paddle the good doctor proclaimed himself to be. It should have been no easy feat. Will did not care to rely on others, cared even less to make himself vulnerable. There was a reason that Will lived in self-inflicted isolation with naught but his pack for company. Dogs were predictable. Dogs were reliable. Dogs were capable of unfaltering support and wholly selfless love. Will had yet to meet a person like that--not that he'd ever put much effort into the search. He was unused to expecting any kind of reliability from anything that didn't have four legs and a wet nose.

So it took him by complete surprise when Dr. Lecter had, miraculously and with seemingly little effort, penetrated the defenses of Will's mind. He found himself going from pacing the mezzanine of the doctor's office, studying the vast volumes in an attempt to avoid conversation to sitting in the plush chair across from him, spilling out all the burdens that weighed upon him.

Weekly therapy sessions were soon joined by dinner invitations and surprise visits to Wolf Trap. There were long walks with his pack and even a cooking lesson which, much to Will's surprise, wasn't as complete a disaster as he feared it would be. And then, somehow, at a time that Will couldn't quite pinpoint, Dr. Lecter had become Hannibal, and the refined man had just as effortlessly penetrated his heart. He enjoyed every moment he was able to spend with Hannibal, even looked forward to sitting in that office chair every Thursday evening, which in and of itself was an astounding thing to realize.

And then there were moments, here and there; heavy glances and lingering touches that left Will feeling like there might be more to his attraction other than finally finding a human he could count on. Left him feeling like there might be more between them in the doctor's eyes as well. It was a heady thing, to feel like he might be wanted in such a way. Before Will could dissect the subject further he had spiraled rapidly into the living Hell that was autoimmune encephalitis.

He'd had the scans, spoken to the neurologist, had been told that there was nothing wrong with him physiologically speaking. Hannibal urged him to face the mental illness that Will refused to believe he struggled with. It wasn't until he had been pulled out to Arizona for a case and had a seizure in front of Jack that things began to turn around. Jack had him rushed to a hospital where the doctors insisted upon an MRI, though Will put up a weak fight, explaining that he'd been through all this before and found nothing.

The doctors in Arizona did not find nothing. They found anti-NMDA encephalitis. They told Will that it was incredible he was still functioning with the amount of inflammation in his brain. They told Will that any longer and he may have suffered debilitating long-term damage to his brain, would likely even have died. They also told him that it was a rare disease, and so very easy to miss on a scan unless one chose to look for it specifically. So despite having had multiple scans and conversations with Hannibal's old colleague, Dr. Sutcliffe, Will pushed

the disparities aside. Hannibal's friend had no reason whatsoever to lie about something like that. They told Will that it was easy to miss, so even though his confidence in the late doctor's medical skills wavered a bit, his trust in Hannibal did not. After all, Hannibal was his friend.

Will stared despondently at the fishing lures he did not make.

With his head finally clear, feeling better than he had in months, he had noticed the oddities the first time he'd sat down at his workbench. They were amateur in construction, not quite the style he usually made. He might have brushed them off as products of shaking hands and a fevered mind, until he looked a little closer. He used bone and hair in his lures sometimes, sure, but a vastly different sort. And he was fairly certain that even with his mind on fire he hadn't made a lure with a human tooth. He studied the four lures, puzzle pieces snapping into place without his permission. With his head finally clear it was too easy to see the picture.

"Fuck."

Hannibal Lecter was the Copycat Killer. Hannibal Lecter had been planning to set him up. Hannibal Lecter was not as good a friend as Will had previously thought.

His first instinct was to fall into interminable depression. To crawl into a bottle until the rest of the world decided to crumble as thoroughly as his own had. It was only by the grace of the exorbitant rage that took control of the show that Will didn't simply give up then and there. So many comments and conversations took on a vastly different meaning with this new knowledge. So many times Hannibal's words, disguised as support and reassurance, had only been spoken to prod at the darkness within Will, beckoning it to come out and play with a frighteningly effective seduction. So many manipulations, and Will was blind to it all.

Will closed his eyes, took a deep, steadying breath. Tentatively, he reached out to the shadow that lurked within him; the beast that fed with delight on the horrific exploits of other killers. The thing seemed to preen at the attention, so used to being shut away and ignored by its master. Will wondered what might happen if he relented and spared a little control to the creature. Would he be able to rein it in again? Or would that darkness thrive in the light, refuse to be boxed away once it had finally tasted freedom? For the first time in his life, Will decided to trust himself, all of himself, and give a little slack to the leash that had been pulled taut for too long.

"Dr. Lecter wants you to come out and play," Will murmured.

The shadow within purred.

On Thursday evening at 7:25, Will stood in the waiting room of Dr. Hannibal Lecter. It was their first scheduled session since he'd returned from Arizona; first time Will would see or speak to the man while comprehending the monster that was his true form. By all accounts he should have been nervous as hell.

Will was excited.

The darker impulses and instincts that he refused to acknowledge in himself for so long were now given consideration. Will could imagine several different outcomes of this appointment--some of them very, very bloody--and instead of shying away at the notion he found an energetic thrum close to elation flowing through his veins. He had thought briefly about capturing Lecter, turning him in--still considered it as a possibility. But the shadow poked at the rage that had been simmering in his gut for the last few days, reminding him that had Hannibal had his way, he'd have gladly seen Will's life destroyed. Would still end him altogether without a second thought, if it worked to his benefit.

Quid pro quo, Dr. Lecter, Will thought darkly as another minute ticked by. The hunting knife strapped to his ankle felt bulky, out of place. He was sure it was just due to the unfamiliarity of the thing; he'd made very certain before he left his car that the hidden blade wasn't detectable by sight alone. Will cast a blank expression over his features as the doorknob turned.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter greeted him warmly, a small smile quirking his lips. He was dressed in an unusually plain (by Hannibal's standards) suit, a deep charcoal grey with a simple white shirt and a silk tie the color of blood. His ashy hair, normally perfectly coiffed, was beginning to fall across his forehead in a relatable sort of way; as if he had run fingers through his hair in frustration and not bothered to fix it. Will met maroon eyes and reminded himself that the very attractive man in front of him was a killer.

"I hope Arizona treated you well," Hannibal was saying as Will went about hanging up his jacket.

"As well as a case like that could," Will nodded. "It was nice to get away for a bit though." He paused, staring at the pocket of his jacket. He didn't have to do this tonight. He could pretend that everything was fine.

"You so deserve more time to yourself, Will. I do hope you'll consider an actual vacation one of these days."

Will forced his expression to remain blank, though he wanted to snarl at the friendly comment. *If it were up to you I'd be taking a one-way trip to prison, you ass*. Mind made up, Will reached into his hanging jacket and produced a small box. He fingered the pointed edges of the lid as he turned back to face Hannibal.

The doctor's gaze flicked down to Will's hands, back to his face, curiosity evident. "What's this?"

"It's for you," Will informed him, though he neglected to hand it over. "For everything you've done for me," he bit his lower lip, schooling himself to keep his breathing even, keep his voice light. "A token of our friendship," he added, pressing the box into Hannibal's hands.

When the man's attention was pulled to the gift in his hands, Will shifted his weight backwards to place a step of distance between them. Hannibal had a long reach, all lithe and graceful limbs that he was. Will was still much too close if he went on the attack.

“You needn’t have done this, Will. Your friendship is a gift in and of itself.”

“It’s just something I found,” he dismissed honestly, risking one more step as Hannibal worked the lid off of the box in his hands.

Four familiar fishing lures sat nestled in the tissue paper within. Sharp eyes snapped up to a face that was no longer attempting to hide its fury and contempt. Hannibal moved. The box was dropped to the floor where he stood. Before it had reached its destination he was on Will, ploughing into him and knocking him onto his back. Will had just enough time to steel himself against the blow and begin twisting his body so that when he met the ground he kept on turning, rolling Hannibal onto his back and springing up in one smooth motion.

His hand unsheathed the blade from his ankle as he rose into a crouch, adjusting his stance as Hannibal mirrored him, recovering from the fall at an inhuman speed.

“Christ, you’re fast,” Will panted, tightening his grip on the knife in his hand. He didn’t want it to sound like the compliment it was.

“And you’re more clever than I gave you credit for,” Hannibal admitted. Despite the brief scuffle and the weapon in his opponent’s hand his tone was as even and easy as usual. They both shifted their weight, eyeing each other cautiously.

“Easy to be clever when your brain’s not on fire,” Will shrugged, took a chance to dance forward to take a slash at Hannibal. Even if he died here, he’d count it as a win if he could take one of the man’s precious fucking suits with him. He darted back a breath before Hannibal could ensnare his wrist.

“Where’s your firearm, Will?” Hannibal asked, eyeing the blade clenched in his hand.

Will scoffed at the taunt. “Far too banal an end for someone like the Chesapeake Ripper.” His lips curled as something like surprise or appreciation flashed through Hannibal’s eyes. “Oh, did I not tell you? I’ve been thinking for awhile now that the Copycat Killer is probably the Chesapeake Ripper. Thanks for the confirmation.”

Hannibal snarled, his face twisting into something open and feral. Will couldn’t help but think that it was beautiful. Until that moment he never realized just how little expression Hannibal allowed on his features. Will chanced forward again, hoping to use the distraction to his advantage. Hannibal slipped back as the knife swung towards him, darted forward and captured Will’s wrist this time. Will found his body being yanked forward and twisted around, pinned against Hannibal’s chest in a crushing grip. His left arm was locked between his body and the solid arm that encircled him. Hannibal controlled Will’s right hand--along with the knife--effortlessly. He brought the blade up to hover near Will’s throat threateningly. It was probably the serial killer version of ‘stop hitting yourself’. His first instinct was to drop the knife, but he couldn’t risk Hannibal snatching it up with his other hand. It was just the sort of bad-ass move Hannibal would make without a thought.

“Will you truly kill me, Will?” Hannibal asked him, his voice low and breath hot against the shell of Will’s ear. “Do you dare?”

“You’ll win either way, you fuck,” Will hissed through clenched teeth as he sank every ounce of strength into pushing his hand away from his neck. “Either I’m dead or you are. That’s what you wanted, isn’t it? To make me a killer?”

“You’re already a killer, Will.”

Will didn’t appreciate the response. Appreciated even less Hannibal toying with him when he so obviously could have slit his throat by now. He jerked his head forward slightly, ignoring the slight sting and his skin met cold steel, and then threw it back. He was the perfect height for the headbutt to connect solidly with Hannibal’s nose. As it did, Will took the opportunity to throw the knife to the ground, kicking it as far away from them as he could. Hannibal’s grip on his torso loosened slightly as he connected with his face and Will threw back his left elbow for good measure, taking pleasure as he felt the point sink into Hannibal’s side. He pushed his entire weight back, attempting to put more distance between them and the knife that lay waiting for blood only feet away.

Hannibal was ready to meet the ground, twisting them around and pinning Will down completely. His wrists were locked in Hannibal’s tight grip, arms stretched above his head. His hips and legs were rendered immobile as Hannibal’s weight settled easily over him. They were both panting now. Will was glad to see that, while he hadn’t been lucky enough to break Hannibal’s nose, he’d at least managed to split the man’s lip. His gaze lingered on the red-smeared mouth; the shadow wondered what it might taste like. Cold eyes swept over Will’s face, lingered on his throat. He was moving down on him an instant later and Will braced himself for pain.

This is it. The mad bastard’s going to rip my throat out like an animal…

In lieu of teeth, Will was surprised to feel the wet heat of Hannibal’s tongue lathing across the bleeding line along his neck. He shuddered at the sensation, alarmed to feel a base heat spreading through his body, his traitorous cock twitching with interest. He tried to buck himself backwards to create space between their hips, but the solid floor was unforgiving in his endeavor.

“Oh, don’t worry, Will,” Hannibal muttered against his skin as he ground his hips down into Will’s own. “I was able to smell your arousal long before now.”

Will gasped as Hannibal’s tongue met his flesh again, his hips thrusting up on instinct this time to find an answering hardness. He knew that Hannibal had a uniquely strong sense of smell, but to smell *arousal* ? He wasn’t sure if it was more disconcerting to consider that this was true or that he hadn’t realized what their skirmish had stirred within him.

“Fuck you,” Will ground out, for lack of a better response.

Hannibal surprised him by chuckling despite the vulgar language that he would normally condemn. “I wonder if that’s indeed what you’re after, rather than killing me. You don’t seem too dedicated to the latter.” His face hovered over Will’s, studying him as though he were an exhibit on display for him.

“I fucking hate you,” Will snarled, jerked his head forward to crush his mouth against Hannibal’s in a flurry of teeth and tongue. He was greeted with soft lips and the taste of copper; the sensations had Will’s head spinning.

Hannibal met him bite for bite, thrusting into the hot cavern of Will’s mouth the moment he allowed enough space for it. He moaned as their tongues slid along each other, wrestling the control of his arms away from Hannibal as they sank into each other. His hands came up as claws to rip the jacket from the doctor’s shoulders, pawing fervently at the buttons on his waistcoat.

“Why the fuck do you have to wear so many layers all the damn time?” he growled into the doctor’s mouth as he tugged fruitlessly on his tie. Hannibal’s hands rose from exploring Will’s torso to loosen and peel off the silk from his neck; his mouth spread hot, wet kisses along Will’s jaw as he did so.

“I suppose my suits are as much a sort of armor as your predisposition to push people away is,” he murmured across Will’s neck, his tongue finding the broken skin that still seeped a bit of blood.

“Fuck me or psychoanalyze me,” Will emphasized the ultimatum by twisting his fingers harshly in silky strands of hair and wrenching his head up so that sanguine eyes could meet his harsh blues. “You’re not allowed to do both at once.”

Hannibal’s hands fell to Will’s belt in answer, jerking the leather from its holdings and undoing the fly of his slacks as his gaze held Will’s own, unwavering. It was as much of an answer as Will needed, abandoning the hair in his grasp to work instead on relieving Hannibal of his trousers as well. It was an odd, delicate shuffle that had them both squirming out of the rest of their clothes, but any awkwardness was quelled by the sensation of their mouths meeting once more, questing for something that neither of them could define.

They both groaned at the sensation of flesh meeting flesh; unhidden, unhindered, bare. As soon as their lips parted, Hannibal thrust two fingers into the slick wet of Will’s mouth. Will didn’t need instruction, despite all this being completely new to him. He sucked on Hannibal’s fingers, generating a generous amount of saliva in his mouth for his tongue to lathe across the digits. When Hannibal was satisfied he removed his fingers from Will’s mouth with a soft *pop* ; Will arched his hips up as he brought his hand down, wet fingers stroking around his entrance in a teasing manner before slipping both into Will as though he had every right to be there.

And it felt like he did. Despite the unfamiliar intrusion, Will gasped and bucked up into Hannibal’s hand, willing the digits to sink further into him. The invasion was coupled with a pleasant sort of burn, and, embarrassing as it was, Will found himself whimpering for more.

He could feel Hannibal’s smirk against his skin at the sound, which didn’t sit right with Will in the least. The whine became a frustrated growl, the hands clutching Hannibal’s shoulders became claws to drag violently down the man’s back. Will hoped he was leaving marks. *God knows he’s left enough on me.*

The doctor hissed at the assault on his back, but did nothing to deter Will. In fact, Will's lashing out only served to widen the smirk pressed to his neck. He threaded fingers through Will's hair to grip harshly, ripping his head back to gain better access to his throat, sucking his mark into the pale flesh. Without warning, he thrust the digits in as far as he could and crooked them in a way that stroked something absolutely *delicious* within him.

Will cried out, his body arching up against the solid form above him. "Oh, fuck, *yes*," he moaned. " *Again*," he demanded.

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal murmured against him, ignoring the boy's request to pump his fingers languidly in and out of his tight hole. "How long have you known?"

Will squirmed, shifting his hips in an attempt to bring those fingers where he wanted them. He was only awarded more of Hannibal's weight for his efforts, effectively pinning him down. "Do we have to do this *now?!*" he ground out. When Hannibal only continued to tease him rather than provide an answer, Will felt another desperate whine slip from his throat. "A few days. Since I got back."

"One week. Did it never occur to you to let Jack know that you'd found the monster he'd been chasing for years?" he released Will's curls, his hand stroking down his torso until a single finger was trailing down Will's throbbing cock, leaking against his stomach.

Will attempted to buck up into the touch. "Ofcourseitfuckingdid," he gasped out in one breath, throwing his head back and redoubling his efforts of moving his hips.

"Care to tell me why you didn't?"

He forced his eyes to train upon the face hovering over his. There was hunger in those maroon depths, lust, satisfaction. *You already fucking know, don't you?* He couldn't be sure if he'd said it out loud or not. If he did, Hannibal ignored him. "Fuck, c'mon Hannibal, *please*," he tried. It was just like the manipulative bastard, to bring him so close to the edge and then keep him suspended there until he was done playing his games.

Hannibal stilled his movements completely, drawing a frustrated groan from Will. "Will," he prompted; his tone was dark, controlled, warning. The shadow wearing Will's skin buzzed at the power in it.

"Because I wanted you for myself!" Will finally snarled, glaring up at him. "I don't know...I don't know if I came here wanting to capture you or kill you or fuck you, I just--" he seemed to remember he had free use of his hands, fisted them in Hannibal's hair to yank that thin mouth down to meet his. "You're *mine*," he growled against bloody lips, and Hannibal rewarded him with an appreciative hum.

Hannibal leaned back to study him. "Thank you, Will," that smirk graced his lips once more and Will had the urge to slap the feature off the man's face. And then he was wrapping a firm grip around Will's erection and repeating that action with his fingers and--

Fuck, yes, so good--

Will cried out again as his orgasm ripped through him. His hot seed pulsed out to spill between them, leaving his stomach a wet mess. Will didn't think his senses could be overloaded any further until Hannibal slithered down his body to lap at the release along his torso.

"*Fuck*, Hannibal, you don't--oh, *God*," his voice turned to a whimper as the killer above him cleaned him of his spent. It was more erotic that Will could even have imagined; Hannibal seemed to take as much pleasure in this act as he had any of the ones before it.

"You're beautiful like this, Will," he murmured against his skin as he nibbled along Will's hip bone. "Giving control to the darker impulses you've fought so hard to ignore. It's all I've wanted for you."

Will lay lax, melting into the floor as his body reeled from the spike of pleasure that had just run through his every nerve. "You were gonna send me to jail, you dick," he slurred back as his lungs heaved for air.

"I don't imagine I'd have kept you there for long," Hannibal admitted, smiling against his skin. "But I can see I've offended you. What's to be done about that?"

He willed his eyes to open to peer down his torso at Hannibal, alarmed to find an entirely devilish grin gracing his mouth. Will only had a moment to process what was happening before Hannibal's hand swiped up the last of his release and brought it down to stroke along his still very aroused member.

Before Will could think to protest or beg for mercy, Hannibal was sliding his thick cock into the tight heat of Will's barely stretched hole. Will cried out, bucked his hips instinctively but that only ushered Hannibal's hard length further within him. The killer moved inside him as though they were one, his clever hand finding Will's overly-sensitive cock to encourage him to hardness once more; his other hand brought Will's leg up to bend against his torso, spreading him open even further.

"Ha--Hannib--" Will gasped out, intent on ordering the man to stop until he shifted Will's hips and his cock brushed along *that* spot again and he cried out in pleasure instead, throwing his head back into the floor with such a hard *crack* that his vision spun for a moment. His spent cock was regaining interest in the situation far quicker than he'd have expected; Will felt like a teenager again, marveling at a recovery rate that he hadn't experienced in decades. Despite the unconventional lubricant, Will found his body adjusting to Hannibal like a piece of himself, working his hips against the man's thrusts to optimize the rhythm between them.

"Fuck, Hannibal, I'm--" he whined, and Hannibal brought his lips down to cover Will's once more.

"Come for me, my lovely Will," soft lips murmured against his own, and Will complied, coming for the second time in less than five minutes.

That's definitely a record… he thought dizzily. He was spared further cognition by the feeling of Hannibal stilling against him as his cock, buried deep inside Will, pulsed with his release. Will whimpered at the sensation, his arms wrapping around Hannibal's broad back to hold

the hard body close to his own. Hannibal nuzzled at his throat, his lips ghosting along sweat-slicked skin.

“Beautiful, magnificent thing,” he breathed, his accent thick with drowsy satisfaction.

“Manipulative fucking prick,” Will gasped back. “I’m still pissed at you.”

Hannibal hummed again, lips curling against Will’s neck. “Come home with me tonight. We can have dinner, afterwards perhaps we can find a way for you to work out some of that aggression.”

Will slipped his fingers into Hannibal’s hair, pulled his head back so their eyes could meet. “You’ll let me fuck you?” Hot desire twisted in his gut at the notion; he was sure his cock would have twitched in interest had it been capable in the least at the moment.

Hannibal flashed him a sly grin that sent another thrill through Will’s body. “If you can catch me,” he rejoined playfully.

Will gazed up at him, wondering if this was exactly what Hannibal had expected to happen; wondering if this was exactly what *he* had expected to happen. He wanted to hate the killer, wanted to want justice and vengeance and all of the things that society would expect him to want. In reality, his body thrilled at the one that melded against his own, ached to feel them joined as one again; longed to let the monster above him continue courting his own, beckoning him into the dark.

The shadow preened at the killer’s attention and affection, and Will realized in that moment that it was very likely he would never have the beast within him fully contained again. And maybe that was just fine.

“Who’s for dinner?”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has Will for dinner, Will has Hannibal for dessert.

Chapter Notes

Golly, I am so sorry that I let this go unfinished for so long. I have to be in a very specific mood to write Angry Will. I just want my boys to get along! Fluff is much easier.

Also I'm on Tumblr now (the link works this time)

They stood side by side in their rumpled clothing and watched the fire lick at the lures. The feathers that comprised each one withered instantly in the heat, the threads catching and snapping soon after; the bits that were human took a bit longer to catch.

“Is it safe to assume this is everything?” Will finally joined the crackle of the flames in breaking the silence.

“Even if it weren’t, you’ve nothing to fear from me at this juncture,” Hannibal murmured. When Will threw him a skeptical glance he continued, “My previous plans hinged on you unaware and unhinged, Will. Not to mention the fact that the darkness I’d wished to eventually draw out has surfaced quite proficiently on its own.”

Will gave a huff at that, shaking his head as he watched one discarded hook begin to glow with heat. “You’ve only succeeded in inciting a desire for vengeance, Dr. Lecter. You’ve not made a killer of me yet.”

“Yet,” Hannibal repeated, the smirk that graced his lips evident in his tone, and Will was so annoyed at his own poor choice of phrasing that he denied himself the desire to argue the matter further.

“I do believe I was promised dinner,” he grasped at the change of topic, his rumbling belly appreciative despite the fare it knew to expect. His eyes scanned over the bone and tooth that were still in the process of being devoured by the flames. They would have to put out the fire before they went. It wasn’t long enough for the remains to be properly disposed of, but

despite his instincts that cried that Hannibal was not trustworthy, he didn't think the doctor would be retrieving the bits for nefarious purposes any longer.

He cast what he hoped was a casual glance to the man beside him, quirking an eyebrow for added effect. He was pleased to be met with an amused smile.

"That you were. Please," he ushered Will to the door in a gesture that had ended every one of their sessions thus far. "Shall I drive, or would you like to follow?" he inquired as he retrieved a bucket to extinguish the flames.

"I'll meet you there," Will told him, shoving his arms into his jacket. "I'm going to have to get back to the dogs tonight," he explained, and Hannibal gave a soft hum. "I know the way. I'll see you there."

He saw himself out as Hannibal went about shutting down his office, sparing a minute before he started his car to pull out his phone and search for a wine shop that wouldn't pose too much of a detour. He located a respectable one right along the route to Hannibal's house and was pleased to find a spot right out front. It was an intimate space, hailed by reviews to be the go-to spot for that very specific vintage that one *must* have. He wasn't surprised to be greeted by an employee almost immediately. He also wasn't surprised--nor did he take offence--at the sharp gaze sweeping over him seeming to ask 'are you *sure* you belong here?'.

"Welcome! Is there anything in particular I can help you find this evening?" the attendant held a fake, too-wide grin on his face, far too much pep in his tone for someone working for minimum wage.

"I'm headed to dinner," Will explained. "I'm looking for a moderately priced bottle."

"Do you know what's being served?"

Will froze, cursing internally. Hannibal was not a chef that was easy to predict. The majority of the times he had eaten at the man's table he couldn't even pronounce what he had been served. "Offal," Will replied, figuring it very likely that organs were on the menu tonight--they so often were.

"Ah!" the attendant perked at the direction, beckoning Will to follow him through the maze of aisles to the perfect location. "An amarone would pair lovely with most offal. This particular vintage," he plucked up a bottle from the shelves, ushering it into Will's hands for approval he couldn't hope to give it, "bears intense black cherry and raspberry aromas, with spicy notes and a hint of liquorice. The mouth is full and persistent, soft and smooth."

Will nodded as though he had any idea what that meant, twisted the bottle to see that the sticker stamped across it read '$54.99' and replied, "It's perfect."

There was still a piece of Will's brain--the part that was still thinking and analyzing things properly--that knew it was utterly absurd that he had begun his night with the intention of

possibly killing Hannibal and was ending it by bringing a bottle of wine to dinner. He wasn't completely insane, despite the best efforts of his old pal 'encephalitis'.

There was a larger piece still that recalled the prolonged glances and subtle touches; now he knew the weight of Hannibal's body along his own, the fullness of having him inside--

He shook off the thought before it could gain traction and send his blood to a region he'd much prefer dormant for the moment, raising his hand to rap on the familiar door before he could allow himself to overthink things anymore.

Yeah, Hannibal was a prick that had fully intended on ruining his life. Will was still pretty pissed about that. But he couldn't deny that he was attracted to the man all the same. Couldn't deny how good it felt to let that shadow free tonight to shed the man's blood--however little of it he ended up getting. Couldn't deny nor hope to quell the desire to hold the nefarious man down and push into him, carve out a spot for himself just as Hannibal had been doing to him for the last several months.

He didn't want a single part of Hannibal to belong to himself after tonight. It was the only victory Will could settle for if he wasn't going to kill him.

Before he was ready, Hannibal was ushering him in, collecting his meager offering with a wide smile. He directed Will to the dining room and Will dutifully ignored Hannibal's smirk at his stiff gait as he passed through into the familiar space and sank gingerly into his seat. He could *definitely* feel their rushed and raw union from the hour previous. It was wonderful.

Hannibal joined him only minutes later and placed some sort of kidney dish before him. Will ignored the specifics; the only thing that mattered to him was the origin of the kidney. He didn't hesitate to place a bite in his mouth and Hannibal seemed pleased by that, which only served to further annoy Will. He didn't want Hannibal pleased with his compliance. He wanted him raw and aching, just as Will had been when he realized that their friendship, parts of it at least (large parts) was a farce. He wanted him subservient and sacrificial. Repentful. Apologetic. On his knees and throat-deep around him.

Multiple times Hannibal attempted to engage him in friendly conversation and each time Will shut it down. He ate his meal, because he needed to eat *something,* and did so with minimal glares to the man across from him, because he still remembered the ghost of a promise from Hannibal's office. And Will wanted that. He wanted to hold Hannibal down and sink into him and *own* him the way that he so clearly and entirely owned Will.

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal began after his third failed attempt at civilized conversation. "Are you upset with me for attempting to release the darkness within you or because it felt so good when you finally did?"

Will's teeth clamped down on the fork in his mouth, a sickening *scrape* sounding as he yanked it out. "I'm *upset,*" Will ground out, "because you attempted to frame me for your own goddamn murders. And, you know, the whole lying about my brain being on fire thing."

Hannibal had the gall to look amused at that, actually waved his damn hand as though Will were exaggerating specifics. "A simple insurance policy. One I didn't intend to enact unless

necessary. Would it have been less offensive to you if they *had* been your murders?"

"I'd kill Sutcliffe, given half a chance," Will growled back. "Knowing what I know now."

That pleased expression returned to Hannibal's gorgeously smug features. "Then I regret getting there first," he announced; Will bared his teeth in the ghost of a snarl in response.

When Hannibal stood to clear their plates, Will stood as well, collecting his own. He followed him to the kitchen and abandoned the dishes in the sink. Then he turned to Hannibal, arms folded across his chest and face set in a hard glare.

"Strip," he commanded. A wry smirk twisted Hannibal's lips, his eyebrows raising in amusement, but that was all the movement he gave. Will's eyes narrowed at that, contemplated the kitchen for a moment before stalking over to the knife block on the counter. The whisper of the ten-inch chef's knife being unsheathed was loud in the silent room. Will stretched out his arm, the blade an extension of himself, and pointed at Hannibal. "Strip," he repeated sternly, "Or I swear to God I will cut that fucking suit off of you myself."

The amused glint in Hannibal's dark eyes was replaced with a heat that made Will's gut clench. He felt a shiver of power and anticipation flow through his body when Hannibal began to comply with his demand. He glanced around them again, pleased when he spotted the tall, slim bottle of yellow oil on the counter near the stove. He stepped over to retrieve it.

"That's Spanish cold-pressed olive oil, Will," Hannibal informed him. When Will's only response was to quirk an eyebrow, Hannibal set the tie he had stripped off down on the counter next to him and expanded, "It's fifteen dollars an ounce."

Will examined the bottle in his hand. "Your ass shall feel pampered, then," he rejoined. "*Don't*," he spat sharply as Hannibal shrugged out of his jacket and held it out in front of himself. "If you even *think* about folding that suit I'll lay this bottle to waste in the sink and you'll take me bare."

He locked eyes with the man and he studied Will momentarily before opening his hands and letting the jacket fall to the floor before him. He watched as Hannibal undid the buttons of his shirt, gave it the same treatment.

"Tell me, Will," he requested as he began seeing to his trousers. "Does it give you great pleasure to feel as though you have power over me?"

Will took a warning step forward--couldn't help it. "I *do* have power over you."

"You have power over me because I allow it," Hannibal specified as his let his pants fall to the floor and stepped out of the bundle.

Will closed the remaining distance between them, his fist finding a home in Hannibal's soft hair and yanking him close until their mouths were a breath apart. "Because you like it," Will corrected.

He did a pretty good job of pretending that his heart didn't stutter when Hannibal simply answered, "*Yes*."

He stared at Hannibal a moment longer, his breath coming heavier as he regarded the man laid bare before him. Finally, he released the hand in his hair. "On the ground," he directed coldly. "Hands and knees, I think."

He waited a moment for Hannibal to comply, his cock throbbing with desire as he watched the killer before him submit, and then he dropped to his knees behind him, dumping a fair amount of oil into his hand to slick up his fingers.

"From your performance earlier, I assume you've had male lovers before," he stated, and Hannibal gave a grunt of assent. "Have you ever been on the receiving end?"

"I have," the older man confirmed. "It has been...many years," he supplied after a moment, and despite that he was bent low against the ground, his ass presented to Will like a gift.

Will couldn't stop the soft huff of amusement that fell from his lips. "That's unfortunate for you, then," he growled, breached Hannibal's tight hole with two fingers and no preamble. The soft gasp that Hannibal couldn't contain sent even more blood raging to Will's dick. He pulled the digits nearly all the way out and then slid them home again, pulling a similar noise from the man before him. "That a bit too much?" Will asked, not bothering with feigning concern in his voice.

"It's--" Whatever eloquent statement Hannibal was about to make was spoiled by a fierce groan as Will added a third finger. " *Perfect* ," Hannibal moaned, and Will's cock gave another insistent twitch in his pants.

He continued the thrusting of his fingers as his other hand scrabbled to open his belt, his fly, desperately shoved at the waist of his pants and reached in to draw out his cock, red and full and leaking with arousal. As soon as it was free he could hear Hannibal draw in his scent sharply and then release an obscenely wanton moan.

"Will--" he gasped desperately, and though Will would have loved to tease him, draw this out, he could wait no longer.

He grabbed up the oil he'd discarded next to them, pouring enough out on his hand to slick up his cock. It twitched violently as he stroked it and already he found himself clenching a bit tighter at the base to stave off his orgasm. This was no good; he was sure to spill as soon as he slid into the tight heat of Hannibal, worked up as he was.

He lined himself up, grit his teeth and pressed forward, his hands moving to clutch and Hannibal's hips as soon as he slid home. He was forced to pause when he bottomed out, tipping his head back, his eyes squeezed shut and jaw clenched hard. He took a steadying breath in through his nose, ignored the absolutely *debauched* sounds coming from the man in front of him. When he was certain he wasn't going to come immediately, Will pulled back and thrust forth again.

"*Fuck*," he grunted that time, repeated the action and stilled again when hips met hips. "Well, it's nice to know you're good for something," he ground out, biting back the litany of praise that threatened to spill from his lips. Hannibal didn't deserve it, no matter how tight and hot and welcoming he was. Will set a punishing pace and, to his credit, Hannibal not only took it, but pushed back to meet his every thrust.

"Will--" he gasped, low and gravelly, and Will had to close his eyes again to pretend that his voice did not affect him. "My Will--"

Will snarled at that, bending over Hannibal's back to reach a hand around to capture his neck. He pulled up then, ripping Hannibal from the floor to kneel before Will, his back pressed flush to Will's chest. Will kept him pinned there with a tight grip on his throat, kept fucking into him as he leaned forward to growl in the man's ear.

"I am *not* yours," he denied vehemently. "I could *never,*" he hissed. "Hateful, loathsome, manipulative--" his hips jerked harder with each adjective that left him.

The new angle had Hannibal moaning with every thrust; his head dropped back to Will's shoulder, his body going lax against his own from the pleasure. His expression was serene but for the slight furrowing of his pale eyebrows, the way that he bit at his lip when a particularly vicious thrust made him pant.

Will kept his hand wrapped around his throat, though the bulk of the pressure he had been applying was gone. He brought the hand that had been digging fiercely into Hannibal's hip down to seize his heavy, leaking cock, easily falling into a stroking pace that matched his hips. "Now come on my cock," Will demanded, and Hannibal released the most delicious moan at that as his cock began to pulse in Will's hand.

He gasped at the tight clench around him, buried himself one more time and then let go, his own head dropping forward to Hannibal's shoulder as he grunted through his release. They stayed like that for several minutes until their panting began to cease and their breath returned.

"I daresay that was even more enjoyable than fucking you, dear Will," Hannibal rumbled at last, his accent thick as molasses.

Will huffed at that and pulled out but otherwise didn't move from his spot behind the doctor. He took a moment to appreciate his seed slipping from Hannibal's hole to run down his thighs. "You're filthy," he complained.

Hannibal turned his head around to capture Will's mouth. He told himself that he didn't pull away because he was too exhausted. "Yes, you've made quite a mess of me," Hannibal agreed when their lips parted. He twisted his body around to face Will more fully. "What are you going to do about that?"

Despite himself, Will smiled.

End Notes

It occurred to me during writing this that Hannibal so blatantly attacking Will is just as good as a confession, and likely not something he would have done in the show (considering that even after Will's release from prison Hannibal plays the whole thing super cool). It also occurred to me that this is fanfiction and I can make the characters do and say whatever I want, and I wanted this shit to lead to super sexy fun times so...there we are. Let's just say that Hannibal was very confident in his emotional hold over Will that he didn't believe Will would be playing him in this instance.

I have half a mind to write another bit to this to show dinner and Will...relieving some aggression. For now I'll keep the story marked as active. Please comment below if this is something that you would be interested in me pursuing.

Thanks for reading lovelies! Your comments and kudos are my bread and butter. I'm as malnourished as Will Graham without you all.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!